

THE AMADOR LEDGER

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STORM IN THE SUMMER.

Storm in the summer's a mighty funny thing, like a woman's temper when it takes a fling; Comes of a sudden, and you don't know why; You start in guessing, and it's all gone by; Swish and sweep, and it's in full blast; You catch your breath, and it's down clear past; Thunder and lightning and sulphur in the air; And the very next minute the sun shines fair.

But it breaks for keeps when it does break loose! And the storm like a tyrant and makes things fill its way to believe that it's kingdom come, And all of a sudden there's mercy in her eye, And she laughs and dimples, and the storm's gone to sleep.

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

Old Parker's Ghost.

By M. Quad.

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That I really and truly saw a ghost on a certain occasion is a matter of legal record, and I believe it is the only ghost ever legally known to a community.

I was a boy of 11 when the family emigrated from Ohio to Michigan and settled in a town of 1,500 people. There had just died a citizen named John Parker, who was always referred to as old Parker. He was one of the pioneers of the town, and his eccentricities had greatly retarded its growth. No one ever learned where he came from or anything about his private life. He came alone, lived alone and died alone. He was a queer looking little old man, stoop shouldered, of shambling gait, and there were days when he refused to speak to any one. He bought 200 town lots and then refused to sell or lease. He built a saw-



IT WAS THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

mill, and the first lumber turned out was wanted for the erection of a church. Because the old man was asked to make a discount in price in favor of the Lord, as it were, he shut down the mill, boarded up doors and windows, and the saws never turned again. He bought two stores and five or six houses and shut them up, and he bought every improvement for the benefit of the town. On the other hand, he lent me money at a low rate of interest to make improvements, encouraged people to settle there and built the first schoolhouse entirely at his own expense.

While owning five or six comfortable houses, which were empty, old Parker lived alone in a miserable shanty and cooked and washed and mended for himself. No one was ever permitted to enter his house, and he never entered the home of any one else. There were a few men with whom he would converse, but he did not give them his confidence. There was no mourning in Red Oak when it came time to bury him. He was buried in the mill, and he was buried in the mill, and he was buried in the mill.

The feeling was rather one of relief and congratulation. It was soon ascertained that his affairs were in a muddle. He had left no will, and the papers in the hands of his lawyers did not represent the half of his possessions. It was hardly a fortnight before a brother and sister turned up, each claiming the estate, and through them it was learned that the old man must have been possessed of at least \$50,000 in gold when he died. Of this sum only about \$200 could be found. The town was turned upside down over the affair, and it had got into court when we moved into the village. That was in winter. As a boy, I could not understand or interest myself in the legal complications of the case, but the fact that old Parker had hidden a big lot of gold somewhere appealed to me very strongly. The sawmill and all his houses were searched, but no trace could be found. It was generally believed that he had buried it, but until the snow melted no effort could be made to find the cache.

On the 14th day of March, with six inches of snow still on the ground, I went with my father into the woods after a load of wood. We had a yoke of oxen and a sled, and when the first load was heaped up my father drove off with it and left me behind to cut down a dead ash and clear a road around a bit of a swamp.

After he was out of sight I sat down on a log to watch a rabbit hopping about. I may have spent five minutes watching the animal when a slight noise at my right startled me, and I looked around to find old John Parker sitting within ten feet of me. He had been described so often that there could be no mistake. It was the little old man with the stoop shoulders, the long hair, the seedy garments, the cat-like eyes, the worn every day in the year. He had a dry hacking cough; he had bushy gray eyebrows; he had missing teeth. He sat there and rubbed his shaggy hands together and looked at the ground at his feet, and I took in every detail as clearly as you see this print before you.

Was I frightened? Strangely enough, I was not. Perhaps this was because I had never seen the old man when living. He looked so real before me that I never thought of spooks or ghosts. I simply believed that his dying had been a mistake—that he had gone away instead of dying. I was no more in fear of him than of the trees about me. I wondered a bit how he could have approached me so closely

without my having heard him, for the snow had a frosty crust to it, but there he was, and it was not long before I said to him:

"Did you come out here to see my father?"

Old John did not look about, though he continued to rub his hands. I repeated the question in a louder voice, but the result was the same. I looked to see if he had an ax or a gun, but nothing was in sight. So far as I could tell, he had not yet seen me, and, feeling a bit embarrassed over the situation, I rose up and moved over to make my presence known. I had started to repeat my question, and my eyes were full on him, when he dissolved. He faded out of my eyes as a wet finger mark fades from a school slate, and I found myself looking at a snow covered log. I looked for his tracks, but there was none. I looked for the spot where he had sat, but the snow had not been disturbed in the slightest. I did not have a fit of the shivers and run away. It was a sunny day, and I thought the glare on the snow had in some way played me a trick. I had the tree down and the road cleared when father returned, and when I told him of my strange visitor I expected to be laughed at. Indeed, I laughed as I told it, but father didn't. He began to question me very closely, and by

asking me how he looked the sled I could see that he took the matter seriously. When we were ready to go, he asked me to point out the exact spot where old John had sat. This was easy enough to know, as my own tracks were there in the snow. The snow on the log was piled up and frozen hard, but father soon cleared it off with the ax. Then he pounded on the log, found it hollow and cut into it. He had hardly struck 20 blows when there came a sound to show that the ax had struck something besides wood, and five minutes later we had old Parker's missing gold out of the hollow log. It was in two tin boxes, and there were many papers with it to clear up the mystery of his life and assist the heirs in settling up the estate. They were generous to me on settlement, and it was part of the legal records of the county that I saw a ghost at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day and recovered the treasure because of it.

Nature Is Kind in California.

The New England farmer must fortify himself in his stronghold against the seasons. He must be ready to admit himself to a year that permits him to prosper only upon decidedly hard terms. Says The International Monthly. But the Californian in the country has during the drought more leisure unless, indeed, his ambition for wealth too much engrosses him. His horses are plenty and cheap. His fruit crops thrive easily. He is able to supply his table with fewer purchases with less commercial independence.

His position is therefore less that of the knight in his castle and more that of the free dweller in the summer cottage, who is, indeed, not at leisure, but can easily determine how he shall be busy. It is of little importance to him who his next neighbor is. He can please his can ride or drive to find his friends can choose, like the southern planter of former days, his own range of hospitality; can devote himself, if a man of cultivation, to reading during a good many hours at his own choice or, if a man of sport, can find during a great part of the year easy opportunities for hunting or for camping both by himself and for the young people of his family.

In the dry season he knows before-hand what engagements can be made without regard to the state of the weather, since the state of the weather is predetermined.

Americans in England.

Whatever may be the points of contrast between us, there is no doubt that Americans in ever increasing numbers are settling in England. It is remarkable how many have made permanent homes in London. They like to live there.

When an American has made a fortune, he finds it almost impossible to live quietly in his own country. There is something in the very atmosphere of the place that makes people wish to burn the candle at both ends. Over here they may subside the incandescent to the very glimmer. But chief among the attractions that this country has for Americans is that they can escape the newspapers. Here wealthy persons can spend their money as freely as they wish, and they still remain private persons.

There are some of the reasons why the American colony in the British metropolis grows every year. But there is a more subtle reason. Americans love to come here. The writer has talked to very many Americans, and almost all of them admit that in coming to England they are coming to a place for which they have a great respect and love, where they expect to find everything finished and orderly and quiet.—London Telegraph.

Too Refined.

"No," said Farmer Meddersgrass, "that Boston fellow that comes here to run the paper doesn't seem to get along very well. Our folks ain't much for style, an' when he referred to a skin game as an 'epidermal pastime' they thought he was becoming a little too highfalutin'."—Baltimore American.

"By hook and by crook" is an allusion to an ancient manorial custom which permitted the neighboring lord to take all the wood that they could reach and pull down from the forest trees, using only their shepherds' crooks.

The Stones Burned.

In 1791 Philip Gihler, the discoverer of coal at Summit Hill, near Mauch Chunk, lived in a rough cabin in the forests on the Mauch Chunk mountain. While he was at game for his family, whom he had left at home without food of any kind, his foot struck a black stone. By the roadside not far from the town of Summit Hill he built a fire of wood and threw pieces of the supposed stone about it so that the embers might last longer while he was roasting a fowl. He was surprised after a little while to see the stones glow and retain their heat for a long time. He carried a lot of the coal home and burned it there. The few neighbors soon learned of the discovery, but there was no mining to any extent in Carbon county until after the war of 1812 had begun.

Mistaken For Shafts.

A story is told of a pair of feet that must have been objects of great regard in their day.

One day a party of men, including Jackson, the man of big feet, were preparing to attend a political meeting. It was soon discovered that there was no way of conveying Jackson, as all the vehicles were full.

"Let me ride that horse over there?" asked Jackson.

"There isn't a man in the world that can ride that animal. He'll work to a cart or a plow, but no one can stay on his back."

"I'll try him, anyway." And the determined man instructed several men to catch and hold the horse.

The animal plunged and kicked, but finally Jackson secured a seat in the saddle.

Every one expected to see him dashed to the ground, but the horse looked round, saw the man's feet and walked peacefully away. He thought he was between a pair of shafts.—London Standard.

His Birthday.

Although unrivaled in the art of cross examination, on one occasion Lord Russell was distinctly beaten by a witness.

"What is your age?" he asked. "Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness.

"Yes, sir. Now speak up and be exact."

"And be exact! Well, of all the 'The court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the court your age.'"

"Well," said the man, "I celebrated my twelfth birthday last week."

"Don't trifle with the court and remember you are on oath."

"It's quite true. I was born on Feb. 29, in leap year, and my birthday only comes once in four years."

Where the Danger Was.

A little beyond a certain Scotch village the main road has a marked declivity, and this added to a sharp turn at the bottom decided the authorities to erect a danger board. The job was entrusted to an old worthy, who duly fixed up the warning at the foot of the hill.

"What's wrang with the bottom of the brae, ye thundering idiot?" exclaimed a village dignitary angrily.

"Man, there's everything wrang," came the curt reply. "Is it no there where 'a' accidents take place?"

BEAUTIES OF A GLACIER.

Scenes That Are Likened to Visions of a Glorified City.

The fascinations of a glacier are as wondrous as they are dangerous. Apostolic vision of a crystal city glorified by light "that never was on land or sea" was not more beautiful than these vast ice rivers, whose onward course is chronicled, not by years and centuries, but by geological ages, says a British Columbia correspondent of the New York Post. With white domes and snow cornices wreathed fantastic arabesque and with the glassy walls of emerald grottoes reflecting a million sparkling jewels, one might be in some cavernous dream world or among the tottering grandeur of an ancient city. The ice pillars and silvered pinnacles, which scientists call seracs, stand like the sculptured marble of temples crumbling to ruin. Glittering pendants hang from the rim of bluish chasm. Tints too brilliant for artists' brush gleam from the turquoise of crystal walls. Rivers that flow through valleys of ice and lakes, hemmed in by hills of ice, shine with an azure depth that is very infinity's self.

In the morning, when all thaw has been stopped by the night's cold, there is deathly silence over the glacial fields, even the mountain catenacs fall noiselessly from the precipice to ledge in tenuous, wind blown threads. But with the rising of the sun the whole glacial world bursts to life in noisy tumult. Surface rivulets brawl over the ice with a glee that is vocal and almost human. The gurgle of rivers flowing through subterranean tunnels becomes a roar, as of a rushing, angry sea, ice grip no longer holds back rock scree loosened by the night's frost, and there is the reverberating thunder of the falling avalanche.

Made Up For Lost Time.

When President Kruger sailed for England some years ago, he was the object of much concern to his fellow passengers on board the liner from Cape Town, many of whom were consumed with curiosity when they noticed his absence from the dinner table for the first four days out.

At last, when they found that the careful Transvaal spent the dinner table on deck, where he ate bling and big cuts. When asked his reason, he testily replied, "I have no money to foot away on expensive eating, like you Englishmen."

The correspondent who tells the story and who was on board at the time adds, "You should have seen the old man trying to make up for lost time when it was explained to him that his passage money included his meals on board."

A Skeleton in Every Closet.

The expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" is said to have its origin in the fact that a soldier once wrote to his mother, who complained of her unpopularity to have some sewing done for him by some one who had no cares or troubles. At last the mother found a woman who seemed to have no troubles, but when she told her business the woman took her to a closet containing a skeleton and said: "Madam, I try to keep my troubles to myself, but every night I am compelled by my husband to kiss this skeleton, who was once his rival. Think you, then, can I be happy?"

His Diagnosis.

Teacher—Suppose you had one pound of candy and gave two-thirds to your little sister and one-fourth to your little brother, what would you have yourself?

Scholar—Well, I guess I'd have the measles or something so I wouldn't feel much like eating.—Puck.

Boarding House Humor.

Landlady (threateningly)—I'll give you a piece of my mind one of these days if you're not careful.

Boarder—I guess I can stand it if it isn't any bigger than the piece of pie you gave me.—Detroit Free Press.

THE DEATH BIRD

BY M. QUAD.

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Long enough before I, a lieutenant of infantry, made my first trip across the great Staked plains of Texas as an escort to a couple of civil engineers I had heard of the death bird ever since it, but there were plenty who had heard its notes, and its notes always meant danger.

One might travel to and fro on the Staked plains for a year and never see a bird of any sort except about their edges. The only living things to be met with are serpents, lizards, scorpions and skulking wolves. The aridness and desolation are too much even for the buzzards.

The death bird, so the legend went, appeared only at night, and then no man saw him. He came to give warning. His notes were peculiar, and no hunter could imitate him, but one hearing them in the silence of the night and the desert could make no mistake. Before making the trip an old hunter said to me:

"There is but one danger to look out for—the Apaches. They may follow you clear across the desert. They will not attack you by daylight, but at night, without your having seen a sign of them, they will creep upon you as softly as serpents and spare none. Listen for the notes of the death bird, and when you hear them take instant warning."

There were 16 of us in the party. Fourteen soldiers were supposed to constitute a force able to take care of itself anywhere. There was more anxiety as to our water and rations than as to the Indians who might dog our footsteps. It was midsummer, and the heat on that great surface of sand and alkali soil was simply terrific. After the first day, when we were clear of the desert, a march of six or eight miles was all any one was capable of. The nights brought cool breezes and recuperation, but they also brought a loneliness no person can describe. Men adrift on the wide ocean in a small boat hear strange sounds at night and are made afraid. Men on the desert are almost made cowards by the unknown surroundings. There is the chirp of a cricket or the howl of a coyote, it is not company. It simply adds to the loneliness. If the night is unbroken, then it is as if a heavy blanket had been thrown over your head to shut out the living world.

We saw nothing of Indians. No one believed that a party took our trail. A faithful watch was kept, however, but after a few nights when I had come to realize how helpless we really were I found myself depending on that legend of the death bird. If we were menaced, he would warn us. We had been out a week when there came the blackest of black nights. It was black because it was moonless and a storm was gathering. Our tents were set up in a cluster, they could not be seen at a distance of six feet. Three sentinels were on duty, but they could not see the sands at their feet. If the Indians had followed, there would never be a better night for a surprise. It would be no trick at all to creep within stabling distance of the sentinels, and a volley of arrows and bullets sent through the tents must wound or kill most of us.

I was sitting in the door of my tent an hour after midnight, wondering how soon the storm would break, when there came to me from a point not far distant the notes of the death bird. They sounded a bit like the call of a quail, and yet they were unlike. They were like words instead of notes. They were soft and clear, and from the very first they said to me:

"Look out! Look out! Look out! Danger! Danger! Danger! Death! Death! Death!"

I repeat that the bird seemed to be talking instead of crying out in its natural notes. I may have got this idea from my state of nervous apprehension, but so it was. I turned and woke up the two sleeping engineers and asked them to listen. They did not make out words as I did, but one of them whispered:

"That's a danger cry, or I never heard one. I tell you we are menaced by some great peril!"

Thrice the death bird called its notes, and then all was silence as before. A soldier was sent creeping away to call in the sentinels. A few rods to the north of us, as we had noticed when going into camp, the sands had been gaily lit by some strong gale until the ridges and dunes formed a natural path. With the greatest care and in the deepest silence we left tents and baggage, and taking nothing but our water bottles and muskets, we crept out of camp to the north and by and by reached the fort. It was so dark that men had to be felt for instead of spoken to, but at the end of half an hour we lay in line with our muskets resting on a sand ridge and peering toward camp. One could tell by the feeling in the air that the storm would soon break and that the first break would be a vivid flash of lightning. The men were instructed to fire with the flash in case it revealed Indians about.

At last, when we were all in a tremble with anxiety, the flash came. For a few seconds it was as if a great searchlight had fallen upon the desert. It was so blinding that every eye was closed for a second. When opened, they beheld a band of 20 Apaches on hands and knees within 25 feet of the tents. A volley was fired straight into their faces and a second as another flash showed a few in retreat, and then we lay there in the pouring rain till daylight came. There had been in

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Assessor..... John Marchant

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Township Two..... W. M. Amick

Township Three..... A. B. McLaughlin

Township Four..... E. B. Moore

Township Five..... Fred B. LeMoine

The regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors is held on the first Monday of each month.

Fred B. LeMoine, Chairman.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

TOWNSHIP ONE.

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Constable..... P. Kelly

TOWNSHIP TWO.

Justice of the Peace..... James McKeay

Constable..... J. E. Kelley

TOWNSHIP THREE.

Justice of the Peace..... A. W. Robinson

Constable..... James Lesley

TOWNSHIP FOUR.

Justice of the Peace..... H. G. Hiles

Constable..... D. F. Gray

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Justice of the Peace..... J. Blyver

Constable..... William McGee

the band, as near as we could figure it, 21 Indians. We had fired without aim, and the destruction wrought was due to luck or accident, but there were 16 redskins lying dead on the sands and a full chief and a sub-chief and six noted warriors. Our volleys had accomplished more than a year's campaigning with 600 soldiers. Indeed they brought peace for two years. Said one of the survivors to me afterward:

"We had planned to kill the entire lot of you. We heard the notes of the death bird and knew you would hear them, and we didn't believe you would understand the warning. Had you not understood and moved away I don't think you would have escaped."

For many days subsequently—aye, for many months and years—as I was posted along the desert or journeyed across it I looked for the death bird at morning, noon and night, but I never got sight of him. His mission was to fly only at night and to tell of peril.

Why Did They Miss?

Hunters' tales rarely make mention of poor shots and failures, and a story which depicts the remarkable ill success of some famous shots in California a few years ago is therefore all the more interesting. The narrator, Mr. Frank Marryat, terms the incident the one marvelous tale in his book, "Mountains and Mohawks." In former times it would have passed for a miracle.

Three of us were out at midday in search of venison in the Santa Rosa valley. The sky was cloudless and the sun blazing hot. Making for a shady thicket, we unexpectedly started a doe in the long grass. She was out of range before we could raise a gun, but she still remained a fawn. The pretty innocent stood perfectly still, gazing at us. Our larger was bare, and we could not afford to be merciful.

The fawn stood motionless as I advanced a few paces and took, as I fancied, deadly aim. I missed, and still it did not move. The others fired and missed also.

From the same distance, about 75 yards, we fired each four bullets without success. Still the fawn moved but a pace or two, and our rifle ammunition was exhausted.

I then crept up to the fawn and within 20 paces fired twice at it with my pistol. Then, unarmed, it quietly walked away in search of its mother.

We looked at each other in surprise. Fourteen shots within 70 paces of a motionless deer! "Well, I'll be hanged!" was one man's comment. "Crack shots!"

We could not explain it, unless the rarefaction of the air had made the deer seem nearer than it was.

Until the middle of the century Great Britain imported two-thirds of the iron she used. The use of coal for smelting was then only beginning.

When a man insists on "explaining" a thing, it is a confession that it worries him.—Archibald Colquhoun.

An Old Custom.

Why is it the duty of the bride to cut the wedding cake? The fact is—at least so a professor told me the other day—that the Romans are at the bottom of it. The original Roman marriage was effected by the simple process of the bride and bridegroom breaking a cake of bread and eating it together. This developed into the bride cake, and the bride cut it because it was the duty of the woman to prepare food for the man. Young brides of today who think it the height of ill luck not to cut their own wedding cake are probably not in the least aware of what they are symbolically peddling themselves to, but they had better bear in mind that if they wish to keep a man in a good temper they must not forget to feed him.

UNCONFESED.

She may seek to flirt and flout me, She may seem to dream and doubt me, She may lend me devious ways With her wiles about me; But, beyond it all, she knows By her footstep my heart goes!

She may will to tease and try me, She may choose to run and fly me, She may give me stint of praise And be seldom nigh me; But, beside it all, she knows By her footstep my heart goes!

She may coven and deceive me, She may show pretense to love me, She may turn away her gaze Thinking thus to grieve me; But, beneath it all, I know By my heart her footstep goes!

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

To Raise Palms From Seeds.

To start palm seeds is an easy matter. Place half a dozen seeds in a six inch pot, covering them so they will be about two inches below the surface. They should then be well watered, and the soil should be kept fairly moist continually until the little seedlings push their way up. The soil should never be allowed to dry out, nor should it be kept soggy. Another good plan is to place all the seeds in a box of moist sand and examine them every few days. Those that burst and begin to sprout may be planted in flat boxes two or three inches apart in a good, rich, sandy soil, or they may be potted if well started in small pots.

It should be borne in mind that the embryo, or seed, leaves of palms are entirely different in form from the true, or character, leaves which come later. In the embryo leaves the form is long and narrow, swordlike and usually with no divisions.—Robert R. McGregor in Woman's Home Companion.

"The Smith"

A mighty man is he," but he is not mighty enough to defy disease. It is a pitiful thing to see the strong man brought low, his muscles melting away until he can no more swing the heavy sledge to shape the glowing iron.

"I was troubled with malaria fever of about three years standing and was under doctors' care for quite a time," writes Mr. J. E. Kidd of Farmville, Wayne Co., Ky. "They had almost given me up, and my health was very great. My pulse was very weak, breath short and I had severe head and legs. Had palpitation of heart, and from June 1st, 1895, to May 1st, 1896, I was not able to do a day's work. I purchased five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and before the first bottle was used the two bottles I was very better. I continued taking the medicine, and by the time the fifth bottle was gone I was a well man."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cleanses the blood of the poisons which feed disease, cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the proper assimilation of food. It is a flesh forming, muscle making medicine, making sound flesh and not flabby fat. It contains no whisky nor alcohol in any form.

SAVE MONEY—Patronize a home institution. Send money away through the Bank of Amador County; you will save 10 per cent and upward over postoffice or express. Money sent to all parts of the United States and also all parts of the world. We have the latest quotations on foreign exchange.

SAVE MONEY—It doesn't cost anything to deposit money in the Bank of Amador County. They receive deposits from \$5 up. Commence the new year by opening a bank account. A man or woman with a bank account has a financial standing. Don't bury your money; when you die it can be found and you are liable to be robbed while alive.

SAFETY DEPOSIT—Safe deposit boxes can be rented from the Bank of Amador County at the small expense of 35 cents a month, thereby securing you against any possible loss from fire or otherwise. Don't overlook this opportunity of protecting your valuables.

BANK OF AMADOR COUNTY

Incorporated November, 1895

Capital Stock : : \$50,000

President..... Henry Eudey

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(COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.)

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FRIDAY JANUARY 25, 1901

QUEEN VICTORIA DEAD.

THE most influential sovereign of the world is dead, and her son, Albert Edward, reigns in her stead as King Edward VII. A long and glorious reign has been brought to a close by the ruthless hand of death, the longest and most glorious reign in English history. Queen Victoria was a good woman and wise ruler. Her reign was longer, brighter and better than that of any other sovereign who has occupied the English throne. George III, her grandfather, reigned a long time and well, but his reign, although excellent, does not compare with hers. The Victorian era has earned and will have a distinctive niche in history for reforms produced. "The most important measures of the reign have been the abolition of the corn laws, the introduction of cheap postage, removal of the political disabilities of the Jews, extension of the suffrage, development of a system of national education, abolition of abuses in the army and in the navy and a revision of the Irish land laws." By virtue of an act of Parliament of 1876, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India the following year. Two years later the Conservatives were defeated and Gladstone again became the head of the Ministry. In 1885 the Conservatives came into power and Salisbury was made Premier "but in the same year retired before a Liberal victory, and Gladstone resumed the office of first Minister, holding until 1886, during which time the greater part of his energies were devoted to the Irish question, but the attempt to push through the home rule bill defeated him, and Lord Salisbury came again to the first portfolio, which he held until 1892, when on an appeal to the country, the Liberals were returned and the Queen recalled Mr. Gladstone to the head of the Cabinet, where he presided until early in 1894, when he retired before Lord Rosebery, whose administration was very brief, for in 1895 Salisbury was recalled and formed the Unionist Cabinet, and he still retains his high office. The chief events in the history of the English nation during his chiefship of the Ministry are too fresh in public memory to justify recital in so brief a review as this.

"Queen Victoria was the mother of nine children—Victoria, born 1840; Albert Edward, heir apparent and now King of Great Britain and Ireland, born 1841; Alice, born 1843, died 1878; Alfred, born 1844; Helena, born 1846; Louise, born 1848; Arthur, born 1850; Leopold, born 1853, and died 1884; Beatrice, born 1857. Princess Victoria, the eldest child, became the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William, and is the mother of the present Emperor of Germany. Albert, Prince of Wales, now King, married in 1863 Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and their eldest son, Albert Victor, born 1864, is now heir apparent to the crown of England."

"Princess Alice, who died in 1878, was married in 1862 to Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, married in 1874 Grand Duchess Maria, sister of the then Emperor of Russia. Princess Helena was married in 1866 to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Louise is the wife of Marquis of Lorne. Prince Arthur created Duke of Connaught, in 1879 married Princess Louise of Prussia. Prince Leopold, created Duke of Albany, in 1882 married Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Princess Beatrice married in 1895 Prince Henry of Battenberg."

THE Legislative Committee on Revision of Laws has rejected the reform proposed by the Code Commission relative to the selection of trial jurors by Judges. The Joint Legislative Committee on Revision and Reform of Laws holds nightly sessions and is making steady progress with the work. So far the work has been confined to the Code of Civil Procedure. The matter of selecting jurors will no doubt be debated when the Code bills come from the Committee, whose verdict is by no means final. On the suggestion of Assemblyman Fred L. Stewart, of this county, the Joint Committee adopted a new requirement regarding jury service. There is now no limit of age for trial jurors, and the Stewart amendment fixes 65 years as the maximum, thus relieving all persons from service as jurors who are over that age.

No sovereign has ever come to his or her last hours for whom the civilized world has expressed so much of genuine sympathy as that noted in the case of Victoria of England. Her people will be largely consoled by the reflection that the Queen of England was honored and respected or beloved in all parts of the world because of her personal virtues, the dignity, character and cleanliness she has given to her court, and the broad and liberal sentiment and the tolerant spirit of her reign.—Record-Union.

REFERENCE is made elsewhere in this issue to the Pan-American Exposition, which is building at Buffalo, N. Y., at a cost of \$10,000,000. The Pacific coast will undoubtedly be well represented at the Exposition, both in the way of exhibits and numerically. Thousands of well-to-do Californians have not yet paid the Atlantic coast a visit, and will take advantage of the low rate of fare to do so. The Exposition is one that should attract people from all parts of the country. The Exposition, as its name implies, will pertain to both North and South America, and a visit to it will be almost equal, in point of acquiring reliable information, to extensive travel in both countries. It will be the first great public event of the twentieth century, and in a number of important particulars it will surpass all former enterprises of the kind. The United States' building and the arrangement and care of exhibits will cost half a million dollars. In the Indian Congress to be held at the Exposition the coming summer, there will be representatives of forty-two different tribes, and life on the Plains in stirring times of the past will be faithfully reproduced. Without question a visit to the Pan-American Exposition will well repay the time and money required to make it.

In our county affairs as well as in individual and corporate matters there is always the danger of being "penny wise and pound foolish." That there are many improvements which will cost money that should be immediately made by our county authorities there is no doubt, and that in the long run such expenditure now will result in a large saving to the taxpayers of the county, there is also no doubt. The LEDGER does not purpose to specify with regard to the needed repairs at this time, but desires to impress upon our authorities the importance and necessity of investigating in certain quarters and ascertain the extent of the needed repairs and the probable cost of making them, before the property becomes so thoroughly a wreck that repairing will be out of the question. It is a very poor sort of economy that allows valuable property to decay and become practically useless for the want of a little timely attention and the expenditure of a few dollars. "A stitch in time saves nine," and a dollar's worth of repairing when first needed is worth forty dollars in patching when it is too late to judiciously repair.

AN Amazon named Mrs. Carrie Nation, aided by other members of the W. C. T. U., recently demolished a number of the leading saloons in Wichita, (Kan.) doing damage which runs into the thousands. The ladies were arrested but the chief of police discharged them. Mrs. Nation then began a street lecture to an immense crowd said to have numbered upward of 5000 persons. After the lecture the speaker repaired to the railway station. While in the act of buying a ticket the Sheriff of the county laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder and said: "You are my prisoner." The infuriated woman turned upon him like a tigress, slapped his face, pulled his ears and shook him until his teeth rattled and his collar button flew out. She was finally placed in one of the steel tanks of the jail. Those who aided in the destruction of saloon fixtures were also arrested. Later all were bailed out, and Mrs. Nation went to an adjoining town and smashed the leading saloon there into smithereens.

PROBABLY within two or three years telephonic communications will have been established between Europe and America. President McKinley can then converse with our ministers in foreign lands by word of mouth if he chooses to do so, and our English cousins can hold "delightful converse" with relatives and friends on this side of the water. Commerce will also derive great benefit in a thousand ways. In the meantime, the problem of the successful navigation of the air will have been solved, and while the voice of man will speed on the wings of lightning to the uttermost parts of the earth, the body of man will be flying like a bird, hither and yea, through the atmosphere surrounding our planet. But this is not all; Tesla, the famous, will, perhaps, carry out his great scheme of communicating with Mars and present to the world marvelous manifestations from those who are supposed to people that planet. Verily, the twentieth century will be big with wonderful and amazing achievements.

WHILE it is a fact that our mining interests are more or less hampered, and that litigation has virtually closed one of our best producers and threatens another, yet there is much activity among miners and mine owners in Amador county. Extensive prospect work is being done between Jackson and the Mokelumne river, the Kennedy Mining Company is engaged in costly development work, the Bellwether is to be developed, and, if statements already published are to be relied upon, the Jackson Consolidated, or so-called north extension of the Zeile mine, is also to be developed without delay. There is also talk of renewed activity in the Plymouth district, and at Volcano and Defender mining interests appear very encouraging. The Fremont Consolidated and Bunker Hill properties are being developed as rapidly as possible, and, all things considered, the mining interests of Amador county are fairly encouraging.

EDWARD SEVENTH was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Emperor of India in St. James' Palace at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, Jan. 23, 1901. The new King made a very brief speech before the Privy Council on his accession to the throne. Among other things he said: "In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people. I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors."

For Sale.

The handsome and commodious 10 or 12-room, 2-story residence, known as the Dr. Mussett place. One of the finest locations, and biggest bargains in Jackson. All modern improvements, slightly location, fine grounds. Apply to H. J. Deacon, Sutter Creek, Cal., or to James Mussett, Jackson. d28-1m

Many a Lover

Has turned with disgust from an otherwise lovable girl with an infectious breath. Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the breath by its action on the bowels, etc., as nothing else will. Sold for years on absolute guarantee. Price 25c and 50c. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

The Finest Building Lots.

Remember that W. P. Peek has the finest building lots for sale in Jackson. Terms easy. See display advertisement in this paper. 3-2-1f

Sick Headaches.

The cure of overworked womanhood, are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great blood-purifier and tissue-builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price, 25c and 50c. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

Regular shipments of olives are arriving at Caminetti's Central Market. dec. 14-1f

BORN.

FELLMETH—In Jackson, January 18 1901, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fellmeth, a son.
 NEWMAN—In Jackson, January 20, 1901, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Newman, a son.

DIED.

MELLO—New Jackson Gate, on or about Jan. 23, 1901, Rose Mello, aged about 78 years. Found dead in her cabin.

Annual Meeting.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF the stockholders of the Peerless Gold Mine Development Company will be held at the office of the company, Room 12, Montgomery Block 628 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the 11th day of FEBRUARY, 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors, to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

C. DONDERO, Secretary.
 Office—Montgomery Block, San Francisco, California. jan24id

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF ORSINI TAM, DECEASED.
 NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Executors of the estate of Orsini Tam, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors, at the law office of John P. Davis, Summit street, Jackson, Amador County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said county of Amador.

Dated, January 11, 1901.
 WM. TAM, Executor.
 MARIA TAM, Executor.
 JOHN P. DAVIS, Atty. for Executors, jan18-21

Stockholders' Annual Meeting.

Office of the PEERLESS GOLD MINE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.
 To the Stockholders of the Peerless Gold Mine Development Company:

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Peerless Gold Mine Development Company will be held at the office of the company in the Peerless Gold Mine Development Company building, corner of Court street in Jackson, Amador County, Cal., on Monday, the 4th day of February, 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors,
 GEORGE W. BROWN, Secretary.
 Dated Jan. 7, 1901. jan18-21

JACKSON REPUBLICAN CLUB.

DR. C. A. HERRICK, President
 H. P. FRANCIS, 1st Vice
 J. E. TAYLOR, 2d Vice
 W. E. SMITH, 3d Vice
 JAMES E. DYE, Secretary
 H. L. LANGHORST, Treasurer

Stated meetings the second Monday evening of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. All Republicans in Jackson and vicinity cordially invited to attend and sign the roll of membership. Membership free. All funds raised by voluntary contributions.

APPLICATION FOR MINERAL PATENT

M. A. No. 2193.
 UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
 SACRAMENTO, CAL., December 21, 1900.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT MRS. S. W. Steele, of San Francisco, Cal., has this day filed application for a mineral patent for fourteen hundred and ninety-seven and fifty-four one hundredths (1497.54) linear feet of the Virginia quartz ledge, lode or vein, bearing gold, with surface ground three hundred (300) feet, and less, in width on each side of the center thereof, situated in Clinton Mining District, Amador County, California, and designated by the field notes and official plat on file as Mineral Survey No. 3724, in Sec. 9, T. 8 N., R. 12 E., Mt. D. B. & M., said numbered survey being particularly described as follows, to-wit:

EXTERIOR BOUNDARIES:
 Beginning at a post 3 1/2 x 6 ins. 3/4 ft. long, 18' in ground, scribbled "No. 1-3723," at N. W. cor. of claim, identical with location corner, from which a white live oak scribbled B. T., 3/4 ft. dia. bears S. 37° 27' E. 25.74 ft. dist. Thence var. 18° 17' E. S. 2° 39' 27' E. 4.58 chs. 300 ft. to post "3-3723" at N. extremity of lode line, from which a white live oak 6" dia. scribbled B. T. bears S. 18° 19' W. 4.30 ft. dist. 3.97 ch. 592.02 ft. intersect locn. stake at N. E. cor. of the Steele Q. M. and N. W. cor. of the Virginia Q. M. post 3 1/2 x 6 ins. 3/4 ft. long, scribbled "No. 3-3723" on S. W. side and "No. 5-3723" on E. side, from which a white live oak 6" dia. scribbled B. T. bears S. 89° 0' E. 21.45 ft. dist. Thence var. 18° 17' E. S. 2° 39' 27' E. 4.58 chs. 300 ft. to post "3-3723" at N. extremity of lode line, from which a white live oak 6" dia. scribbled B. T. bears S. 18° 19' W. 4.30 ft. dist. 3.97 ch. 592.02 ft. intersect locn. stake at N. E. cor. of the Steele Q. 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The Men of Affairs in the Early Fifties.

JACKSON WAS ONCE A FULL FLEDGED CITY

Men Who Lived Here When Jackson Was in Its Infancy.—Askey as a Story-Teller.

(BY WILL A. NEWCOMB)

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

E. H. Williams was elected town assessor. He had a carpenter's shop on the lot now occupied by the Garbarino blacksmith shop, and was the builder of the American house which stood on the lots now occupied by C. C. Ginochco as a residence and by the neto cottages, on Water street. All trace of his movement in later days is lost.

E. C. Webster was elected town marshal. He left Jackson with Charles Boynton and with him established a newspaper in an Illinois town. No memory of him seems to remain with the older settlers further than that.

Joseph Winn, a defeated candidate for town marshal, was conspicuous in the class of business. Later he was elected town marshal. At an early day he left here and returned to his old home in the States.

John Redhead was also a defeated candidate for marshal at that election. He was elected sheriff of the county in 1863 but died in office from the effects of a wound received in an election day riot in Middlebury, Vt.

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John Wiley was a brother of Hugh Wiley and was associated with him in the dairying and butchering business here. Ten or twelve years ago he was still together in Alameda county.

Edward Sherry was a young man, a New Yorker, who aspired to police duty, and generally made his headquarters in the offices of the constable or sheriff. He was one of the posse of Sheriff Phoenix when he pursued the Rancier Murderers. Some years later he tried to get the nomination for sheriff but failed. He died here in an early day.

Daniel Majer was a Frenchman and was associated with Amos Barrett. After the death of the latter and their business trouble, he left Jackson and his subsequent movements seem to have been forgotten by those who were familiar with the county in those days.

In 1855 in a suit in the County Court of Nevada, it was decided that the law of 1850, which the town of Jackson and many other towns was incorporated, was unconstitutional and the trustees of Jackson met at longer intervals until November 19th of that year, when the last meeting was held. The following year the Supreme Court sustained the decision of the County Court and so far as the future was concerned Jackson was as if it never had been incorporated.

The first assessment of the town was completed by Assessor Williams, and the assessment roll turned over to the Board of Town Trustees, March 8, 1854. The roll showed the value of real estate at \$85,350; personal property \$43,650; making a total of \$129,000. The board levied a tax of one-fourth of one per cent on the assessed valuation.

The second assessment of the town was made by Assessor Askey and was turned over to the board at its meeting January 15, 1855. In this the value of real estate was fixed at \$169,750 and the value of personal property at \$81,650, making a total of \$251,400, on which a tax of one-fourth of one per cent was levied; producing a revenue of \$629.25.

In the early part of 1855 the Jackson cemetery was laid out and located by the Board of Town Trustees, and surveying and plotting the cemetery was arranged for when the County Court decision was rendered declaring the illegal law of the town unconstitutional and in consequence the matter was dropped.

Most of the funds of the town were paid out for watchmen and for street sprinkling and street cleaning.

The record book of the Board of Town Trustees contains the following list of members enrolled in Jackson Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, November 8, 1854: Thomas D. Wells, Foreman; Daniel Majer, Assistant Foreman; Edwin Agard, Assistant Foreman; Ellis Evans, Treasurer; Wm. M. Rogers, Secretary; Charles Boynton, E. J. Moreto, John Wiley, B. A. Redhead, Thomas Jones, Nicholas Matthe, Leon Sompyrac, Talcot Willis, Bruce Husband, William Jennings, Thomas Robertson, Harold Evans, John Lovell, John Hoffnagle, Wesley Johnson, George S. Stevens, S. G. Hand, Timothy Hinkley, A. B. Andrews, Thomas Allen, Wm. Sallburg, J. Silver, J. C. Peterman, L. Lachapella, Charles L. Perry, Crowson Smith, James Fullard, D. Macarter, D. C. White, E. Henry, Frank Stanplil, Daniel Harter.

CONCLUDED.

A Raw Exhibition.

Two well known commercial men from San Francisco or Sacramento, gave a rather raw exhibition of horsemanship on our main street last Saturday evening. Had it not been for timely aid from by-standers, one of them would have probably been killed. As it was he was knocked senseless and did not regain consciousness for some minutes. He was taken into Kerr's Drug Store and laid out on the carpet. Dr. Endicott was close at hand and rendered medical aid. He was later removed to his rooms in the Globe Hotel for the night and the following morning he started for Sacramento a sadder and woe a wiser man. The accident was clearly the fault of the injured man's companion who was in no condition at the time to manage himself much less a spirited horse.

What Is Shiloh?

A grand old Remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption; used through the world for half a century. It has cured innumerable cases of incipient consumption and relieved many of the worst stages. If you are not satisfied with the results we will refund your money. Price, 25c, 50c and \$1. For sale by A. Golden, the Druggist.

Pine Grove Hotel.

Proposals will be received for leasing the Pine Grove Hotel, now nearing completion. Possession can be had about 1st of March. Conditions of lease and all particulars may be had on application to, RICHARD WEBB, It., Jackson, Cal.

Try a package of "Yankee Shelled Popcorn."

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HE WON IN A CANTER.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN MADE HIS JOCKEY RIDE SQUARE.

The Horseman Used an Argument That Made the Crooked Rider's Teeth Chatter While He Got Out All the Speed in the Animal.

In the lobby of a hotel the other evening a number of men were discussing sports and sporting men when the subject of nerve and grit came up. One of the party, a well known Californian who knew "Lucky" Baldwin in the old days, said:

"Baldwin was about the hardest man to be cheated out of anything he set his heart on getting that I ever met with. A whole lot of people tried to put it on him in business and other sort of deals, but none of these ever succeeded in catching 'Lucky' Baldwin sufficiently asleep to make their plans stick."

"Horsemen still talk about a funny game in which Baldwin figured on one of the Chicago race tracks a number of years ago. Baldwin had brought his magnificent string of thoroughbreds to Chicago to make an effort to annex the swell stakes that were then on tap on the tracks in the windy town, and he got to home first, or in the money in many of the biggest events. Well, he had one of his finest horses entered in a valuable long distance event, and Baldwin was particularly anxious to win this race, not so much for the purse end of it as for the glory of capturing the stake. His horse just about figured to win, too, and Baldwin intended to 'go down the line' on the animal's chances, not only at the track, but at all of the big book rooms in the country. He stood to clean up considerably more than \$100,000 on the horse if the brute got under the wire first. Baldwin's regular stable jockey was taken sick on the morning of the race, and the old man had to hustle around for another boy to ride his horse in the big event. From another horseman he bought for a big round sum the release of a high grade rider, who was to have taken the mount on a thoroughbred that didn't figure to get near the money in the stake race. Baldwin gave the jockey his instructions as to the way he wanted the horse ridden, and then, when the betting opened, his commissioners dumped Baldwin's money into the ring in such large quantities that the horse became an overwhelming favorite."

"A quarter of an hour before the horses were due to go to the post a well known bookmaker, to whom Baldwin had often exhibited kindness in less prosperous days, ran to where the old man was standing, chewing a straw, in his barn."

"Baldwin," said the bookie to the old man, "there's a job to beat you, and you're going to get beat. They wanted you to go in the 'em, but you're always been on the level with me, and I wouldn't stand for it. The rind he bought up your jock, and your horse is going to be snatched."

"Much obliged for telling me that," replied the old man. "I'll just make a stab to see that the boy doesn't do any snatching, though."

"Baldwin borrowed another gun from one of his stable hands (in those days he always carried one of his own about as long as your arm), and with his artillery he strolled over the infield and took up his stand by the fence at the turn into the stretch. He hadn't mentioned to anybody what he was going to do, and the folks who saw the old man making for the stretch turn simply thought that Baldwin wanted to watch the race from that point of view. He did, for that matter, but he happened to have another end in view."

"Well, the horses got away from the post in an even bunch, and then Baldwin's horse went out to make the running. The jockey's idea was to race the horse's head off and then pull him in the stretch, making it appear as if the animal had tired. Baldwin had instructed the jock to play a waiting game and make his bid toward the finish. The horse simply outclassed his competitors, however, and he didn't show any indications of lag whatever. He never as he rounded the backstretch on the rail a couple of lengths in front of his field. Baldwin could see, however, that the crooked jock was saving the horse's head off in his effort to take him back to the rack. When the horses were still a hundred feet from him, Baldwin let out a yell to attract his jockey's attention, and then he flashed his two guns in the sunlight and bawled at the jock:

"Leggo that horse's head, you monkey devil, and go on and win or I'll shoot you so full of holes that you won't hold molasses!"

"The jock gave one look at those two guns that Baldwin was pointing straight at him. Then he gave Baldwin's horse his head, sat down to ride for all that was in him, and the horse under him cantered in ten lengths to the good on the bit. As long as 'Lucky' Baldwin was on the eastern turf after that no jockey ever tried to yank one of his horses."—Washington Post.

The Porter's Lucky Day.

"We were traveling from El Paso to the coast," said the advance man of a theatrical combination, "and the porter and I tucked us snugly in our berths, when we were awakened to the consciousness that our train was 'held up.' The robbers marched us out of the car and made us deliver. Fortunately not one of us had more than a few dollars in cash. But the man who held up the car porter gave a yelp of delight: 'See what I've found! Put 'em back! Start the train!'"

"In the careless porter's vest pocket he had discovered a roll of bills as big as the pocket would hold. It looked as if there must have been several hundred dollars. We all knew of the profitable rapaciousness of the Pullman car porter, but never dreamed that his accumulations were so large. Yet the friendly human spark of forgiveness and sympathy was in our hearts for the poor fellow losing so much at one fell swoop. We were gathered in the smoking compartment and had a consolation purse under advisement for the darky, when he came along himself."

"Mah Lawd, dat was the luckiest experience I done ever had," he said, chuckling all over.

"Lucky!"

"We were astonished. A poor servant robbed of hundreds chuckling with glee!"

"Deed, yes, gem'men! Dey never look but jls' in of my pocket!"—New York Times.

A physician says one should never do any work before breakfast. Some day science will recognize the great truth that working between meals is what is killing off the race.—Minneapolis Times.

Vibration.

"Vibration is the great bugbear of this business," said one of the best informed stationary engineers in New Orleans. "It is governed by fixed laws, of course, but they are so subtle and intricate that it is next to impossible to master them. They have a most important bearing, however, on the life of machinery. I have known valuable engines to jar themselves literally to pieces for no apparent cause. Some slight error in adjustment had set up a vibration that was communicated from part to part, like a contagious disease, until the whole plant was affected."

"A steady tremor of that kind will not only wear out the parts, but it causes what we call 'structural changes' in the metal itself. Wrought steel will gradually lose its toughness and elasticity and become as brittle as cast iron. When it is fractured, the interior will have a strange, granulated appearance, and the worst of it is that the alteration may be going on for months without the knowledge of the most careful engineer alive. That is the secret of the breaking of a great many propeller shafts at sea."

"There are different ways of stopping vibrations, and one of the most curious is to set up a counter tremor in the opposite direction. One neutralizes the other."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Among the Advantages.

A pretty, highborn girl engaged herself to a young tradesman and never wavered in her determination to marry him despite the gloomy forecasts of her friends, who predicted lifelong misery for her.

"My child, do be advised," urged one of these well meaning ladies, calling to see the radiant bride on the very eve of the wedding. "I am an older woman than you and have seen more of the world, and it always makes me sad to hear of a nice girl marrying beneath her station. It is social suicide."

"Then from a social standpoint consider me dead," smiled the light hearted girl, "for I shall certainly marry Tom tomorrow. We reckoned up the situation long ago and found a whole host of advantages, but not a solitary thing could we discover to place on the disadvantage side."

"Then you couldn't have searched very far, my dear," said her counselor. "Take my own case. Much as I love you, I shall be unable to visit you when you are married. Have you bargained for that?"

The bride blushed.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she answered hastily. "We put that down first of all."—London Telegraph.

Charmed the Beast.

"Look at this handkerchief," said a young society man to his professional friend who has an office in the Porter building. "That bit of lace and ruffle is worth its weight in gold to me."

"Some connection with old associations—a mere sentiment, I suppose," suggested the professional man.

"Nothing of the kind. From a practical standpoint it is just as valuable as I describe it to be. A sentiment enters into the case, however."

"Well, tell us about it."

"The handkerchief, then, is the token by which I am permitted to enter the house where my sweetheart lives. Without it I should be torn to pieces by a huge bulldog there. The beast is as ferocious as a tiger. During the day he is kept in chains, but after 7 o'clock in the evening his mistress releases him in the yard. No stranger after that hour can enter the gate. The terrible animal was a menace to my suit until the lady hit upon the plan of giving me her handkerchief for use as a pass. Now when the dog rushes toward me I have only to toss the dainty token to him. He smells it and walks peacefully back to his kennel. Do you blame me for valuing it so highly?"—Memphis Schmitzer.

A Great Bawl.

Walter Damosch once related an amusing experience that befell him in Orange. The musical director took up on himself the task of training a chorus in that burg. They were studying Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and had reached the chorus.

"Hear us, Bawl; hear us, mighty god!" the male voices were booming out sonorously, when Damosch cried out, as is his wont: "No, no! Not that way. Not that dreadful howl! Don't say 'B-a-l-l.' Soften a little. Give a more musical sound to the words. Say 'Bawl!'"

"Whereupon," he says, "the Orangefolk took up the strain again:

"Hear us Bawl! Hear us Bawl! Hear us, mighty god!"

"They quickly realized the peculiar fitness of the sentiment and broke down in laughter."

Rarity of a Dread of Death.

Sir Lyon Playfair, who represented the University of Edinburgh for 17 years, naturally came in contact with the most eminent men of England, and he put this question to most of them: "Did you in your extensive practice ever know a patient who was afraid to die?" With two exceptions, it seems, they answered "No." One of these exceptions was Sir Benjamin Brodie, who said he had seen one case. The other was Sir Robert Christison, who had seen one case, that of a girl of bad character who had a sudden accident.

The Discovery of Iron.

Teacher—Sammy, can you tell me where and how iron was first discovered?

Sammy—I can't tell you just where, sir, but I think I know how it was discovered.

Teacher—Well, Sammy, what is your information on that point?

Sammy—I heard pa say the other day that they smelt it.

The Happy Ass.

The chief beauty of the following poem is that it is both rhyme and blank verse—rhyme according to the pronunciation:

Through twilight's gold I heard the wild ass Bray His love song, which resounded o'er the ass, While he, knowing that for joy he should Move in glee, kicked up the mossy mold, And with the energy of lusty youth, Once more let off his everlasting mouth, Which set on edge two polka dotted calves Until they, too, sped wide their safety valves And did like me, and I flew like the wolf Or o'en the hill in the game of golf.

—R. K. Munckfitt in Smart Set.

Part of It.

"Yes, sir; we have 200 deaf and dumb inmates on the roll of the institution, and fully 100 of them are voters."

"Indeed? This must be a part of the silent vote to which reference is so frequently made in the daily papers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are certain flowers the perfume of which is produced by microbes.

WANTED A RECEIPT.

The Old Lady Insisted Upon Following Instructions.

The old lady was not used to traveling on the Broadway cars. She had evidently spent her youth and middle age in the rural regions, but doubtless she called old Ireland home. The conductor, who differed little from the rest of his kind, came through the car calling for fares. The old woman held out her hand, in which a nickel was tightly clutched, then drew it suddenly back as if she had made some mistake.

"I want my 'resate' first," she said in a rich Doolin dialect.

The conductor paid no heed; but, holding out his hand, demanded: "Fare, please."

"But I want my 'resate,'" she repeated.

"No receipts, lady," said the stolid conductor. "I'll have to have your fare."

"My son told me not to give up any money without getting a 'resate,'" insisted the old woman stoutly.

The kind only with the sweet face and Paris clothes professed the assurance that it was "all right" that nobody got receipts.

"See, I pay my fare without one," she said, giving the conductor a dime and the woman a reassuring smile.

But the woman was stubborn. "I want my 'resate,'" she reiterated.

The conductor mechanically held out a nickel to the kind lady of the Paris gown, but she shook her head, nodded toward the old woman and smiled.

The conductor without a word passed on through the car, which lurched and swayed through Union square. She of the "resate" shook her head grimly, settled herself back in her seat and held on to the nickel, determined not to relinquish it without the necessary acknowledgment.—New York Mail and Express.

How Niagara Wears the Rock.

All who have been to Niagara know that the cataract is divided by Goat Island, the larger portion of the fall being on the Canadian side of the river. This part is known as the Horseshoe fall and was so named because years ago it was identical with a horseshoe in shape. A few years ago a V shaped break occurred toward the New York side, and since then other changes have taken place, until today the Horseshoe fall is more like its original form, but clearly shows the effects of the wear of the waters.

Many people fail to see how the falls wear the rock away, and this is a little mystery until the exact conditions are realized. The ledge of rock over which the water of both the American and Horseshoe falls flow is of hard limestone. It is all of 60 feet thick and naturally very heavy. Underneath this ledge of limestone there are the shales of the Niagara locality. This soft rock is much softer than the rock of the Horseshoe fall is waterworn, and as the water falls over the precipice and boils in the river below it washes away the soft shale beneath the limestone, so that the limestone is left in shell-like form, projecting far out into the gorge. Observant visitors to the falls have no doubt noticed this condition.

In the course of time the shale foundation of the limestone ledge is excavated to such a point that the unsupported ledge breaks away by its own weight, and the crest line of the Horseshoe fall recedes so much farther. Then the water attacks the newly exposed shale, and in time the process outlined is repeated. This has been going on for centuries, and it will continue until the falls of Niagara are no more.—Philadelphia Record.

The Preacher Was Glad She Swore.

The daughter of a well known clergyman in Washington had a severe attack of scarlet fever when she was 3 years old which resulted in deafness. Up to that time she had been a regular little chatterbox, doing her infantile best to carry out the proverbial:

Being a woman, she'll talk forever!

Upon her recovery her parents were nearly heartbroken to find that she had not only lost her hearing, but the power of speech as well. Whether she had really forgotten how to talk or whether it was obstinacy or lack of confidence they could not determine, but despite all efforts of the best tutors the child remained a mute.

One day when she was nearly 10 years of age she was playing with a cat, and with as much cruelty as though she was of the sterner sex she used its tail as a handle with which to pick it up. The poor animal, not appreciating the economic use of the afore-said tail, inflicted a deep scratch across the chubby little hand.

"Damn that cat!" she said, flinging it down.

And her father, devout clergyman as he was, clasped his hands and, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed:

"Thank God, that child has spoken at last!"—Detroit Free Press.

The House That Freshman Built.

One of the curiosities of architecture in England is, according to The Stone Trades Journal, the house erected about 300 years ago at Rushton, in Northamptonshire, by Sir Thomas Freshman, a Roman Catholic, who wished by his design to typify the Trinity.

The house is all three, has three sides, three stories and three windows on each flat, each of them in the shape of the trefoil—the three leaved shamrock. Where the roofs meet rises a three sided pyramid, terminating in a large trefoil. The smoke escapes from this chimney by three round holes on each side of the three sides. The building is almost covered with mottoes and carvings, three Latin inscriptions, one on each of the three sides, having 33 letters in each. Three angles on each side bear shields. Over the door is the text from the Vulgate, "There are three that bear record." Inside the house each corner is cut off from each of the three main rooms, so that on every side there are three three sided apartments.

Architectural Oddities.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main there is one street in which two houses on opposite sides of the street lean over so far that their roofs meet over the street. In one of these houses Lord Rothschild was born. In Paris, on the other hand, it is noticeable that the builders intentionally construct the houses so that they lean backward slightly to add to their stability. But almost in the center of Paris there is one big stone building which leans out fully 2 1/2 feet over the sidewalk. So solid, however, are the Paris buildings that this one is claimed to be safe.—Pearson's Weekly.

A book published in Japan 1,000 years ago notes that at that time good silk was already produced in 25 provinces of that country.

The Cost of Cutting an Old Atlas.

In the state department at Washington is the most comprehensive and complete set of atlases and maps to be found anywhere in this country. As can be readily appreciated, they are vitally necessary to the carrying on of the department, and therefore neither trouble nor expense is spared in keeping them constantly up to date. It would be supposed that their extreme value and importance would be patent to every one.

Some years ago, however, one of the most valuable atlases was found with two of the maps cut out. The maps had not been abstracted. They had simply been detached from the binding. Investigation proved the mutilation to be the work of a certain clerk, who on being hauled up by his superior explained why he had done it as follows:

"These books are terribly heavy and hard to handle, and so I cut the maps out in order to get at them easier. The atlases were very old, and I didn't suppose they were of any value or that any one would care."

To the state department an atlas is like a bottle of wine to a judge of fine drinks—its value increases in direct ratio with its age. It was felt in the department that that particular clerk had mistaken his calling in life, and to him was accordingly given an opportunity to pursue another one.—New York Tribune.

Cure For Insomnia.

I suppose all of us are suffering from the invasion of electricity. My old friend Borne, who was a victim of insomnia for 40 years, has been sleeping no better than any other man on earth. He lost his way in the Adirondacks and staid overnight in the cabin of a forester. His sleep was the deep sleep of a just man made perfect, and in the morning he found that he had not moved half an inch all night.

"It's the insulation," the forester insisted. "You city folks are killin' yourselves with contact. If you'll break the contact you'll be able to sleep and get your nerves back."

This matter of "contact" was finally explained to mean that our bedposts are in contact with the floors, the floors with the walls and the walls with mother earth, so that whatever personal magnetism a man has in him goes away in the nighttime, leaving him like a log on his mattress. The forester had obtained four glass insulators from telegraph poles somewhere and screwed them on the posts of his guest bed, so that the electricity could not run away. Bounce the very day he got home insulated his bed, and from that moment to the present his insomnia has been banished.—New York Press.

Cautions.

Many years ago, when printed music was dearer than it is now, a plain, quiet man, evidently from the country, went into a London music shop and asked to see a certain book of tunes. The clerk laid before him an oblong volume with two tunes on a page, a book familiar to old time choir singers.

The old man drew out of his coat pocket an ancient yellow life and, on playing the book at the first page, began to play softly, turning the leaf with careful fingers as each page was finished.

The clerks, very much amused at first, grew weary of the droning noise after a time, and one of them, waiting all a time was ended, ventured to say politely:

"Do you think you will take the book, sir? Does it seem to suit you?"

The life was lowered, and the player, looking over at the youth in mild surprise, said gently:

"I cannot tell. I have played only half the tunes," and placidly turned another leaf.

Hobson's Choice.

How many of us who use or hear the familiar expression, "It was Hobson's choice," are acquainted with the real story of selection that Tobias Hobson offered his guests? This is the genuine version of the tale. The said Tobias Hobson was a Cambridge innkeeper, with 40 horses in his stables, some better, of course, than others. When a traveler came to request a mount, he was obliged to take the steed that stood nearest the door, although there were so many others advertised as for hire. If the traveler objected to that mount, all he could do was to wait until some other traveler had come for one and so removed this and left its next door neighbor nearest the stable door.

An Unexpected Retort.

"Where," asked the female suffrage orator, "would I man be today were it not for woman?"

She paused a moment and looked around the hall.

"I repeat," she said, "where would man be today were it not for woman?"

"He'd be in the garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.—Boston Traveler.

Got What They Wanted.

Their Caller—I don't see why Count Parnoch and his American wife should quarrel.

Miss Davis—Their interests clash, do they not?

Their Caller—Not to any marked degree. She wanted a foreign alliance and he wanted a foreign allowance, that's all.—Harlem Life.

No Need of Chasing.

Jeweler—This ring is \$1 more than the plain one on account of the chasing.

Farmer—See here, mister, yew don't haf ter chase me. I'm goin ter pay fer what I git.—Chicago News.

Willing to Listen.

Mr. Sly—I love you more than words can tell.

Miss Sharp—Then let the preacher do the talking.—Detroit Free Press.

Told the Truth.

Mother—Now, George, I shall tell your papa to punish you severely for telling an untruth. You said you didn't touch one of those six peaches, and there is only one left, and I found the five stones in your nursery.

George—I told no story, mamma. The peach I didn't touch is the one that's left.

Spilled His Breakfast.

"How is the landlady this morning?" asked one of the boarders.

"Frightening and cooler," answered the landlady with the newspaper, misunderstanding the question.

And the other boarder, who was notoriously slow in settling with the landlady, looked partly cloudy.—Chicago Tribune.

All There.

She—How many pictures have you painted since you first began?

He—Oh, I haven't any idea.

She—Some day I am coming around to your studio and count them.—Exchange.

WINGS.

The gods but half reluctantly Grant us the gift of song: Yet, tawny throat, they give to thee Pure notes and pinions strong.

To those blue worlds that arch above We look, aspire—and fall. Thou, thou dost mount the skies we love, The stars we never scale.

Thou knowest not, winged soul, the fire Of that old discord strange, The vast and infinite desire, The all too finite range.

So sing for us! Our throats are still, And song no solace brings— To whom the gods have given the will, But not, alas, the wings!

—Arthur Stringer in *Alma's Magazine*.

THE DATE OF THE FLOOD.

Bible Facts on Which the Bishop Based His Question.

Some people had fun over the reported rejection of eight candidates for the African Methodist ministry in the south by the examining bishop because they could not tell the date of the flood. Nevertheless the bishop who asked the question knew what he was doing. It may not have been a fair question, but there is a concise answer to it in the Bible, and he no doubt thought that the eight candidates, if they were well versed in the Old Testament, would answer it at once.

The date of the flood was 1,556 years after the birth of Adam, in the second month and the seventeenth day. It began then and continued for 40 days and nights. This is how it is figured: The third verse of the fifth chapter of Genesis reads thus, "And Adam lived 130 years and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image, and called his name Seth." Then in the sixth verse it is told that Seth lived 105 years and begat Enos. Adam, says the fourth verse, lived 800 years after the birth of Seth, and the latter after the birth of Enos lived 907 years. So it goes on. Enos begat Cainan when he was 90; Cainan begat Mahalaleel when he was 75; Mahalaleel begat Jared when he was 65; Jared begat Enosh when he was 162. Methuselah was born to Enosh when the latter was 63, and when Methuselah was 187 he begat Lamech, and Lamech's son Noah came into the world when the father was 182. This brings us down to the birth of Noah, which, according to the added ages of the several patriarchs at the time their sons were born, occurred 1,556 years after the birth of Adam.

In the seventh chapter of Genesis the eleventh verse reads as follows: "In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up and all the windows of heaven were opened." This was the flood, and it came to pass in the year 1556 after the birth of Adam.—New York Sun.

The Average Lawsuit.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the average lawsuit. Two men dispute over a few dollars and go to law. Both are sure to lose. Their neighbors are dragged in as witnesses, and the costs amount to 10 or 20 times the amount in dispute. Frequently these lawsuits ruin families and start quarrels that last for years. Some men claim it is "principle" that actuates them in these lawsuits. It is bullheadedness, pure and simple. It is nearly always easy to "split the difference."

Another bad feature about these lawsuits is that the county is put to considerable expense, and men willing to work are compelled to sit on the jury. Settle your disputes without going to law. If the man with whom you are disputing is not willing to "split the difference," he will probably accept a proposition to leave it to three neighbors.—Aitchison Globe.

Advice From a Butcher.

"What the newspapers should do is to devote less space to describing what people should wear and more to what they should eat," remarked the butcher. "Fashionably dressed women come in here every day who don't know lamb from mutton or a hen from a rooster. No wonder men have dyspepsia! I find that men know more about the quality of food stuffs than women do. Many of the latter don't even know the few simple tests that might help them to distinguish an old fowl from a young one, and about meat they're greener yet. A young woman came in here the other day and asked for two pounds of veal cutlets. I showed her the loin I proposed to chop the cutlets from, and she remarked, 'Yes; that's very nice, but isn't it rather thick to fry?'"—Philadelphia Times.

Two Great Objects.

"They say," remarked the very cynical person, "that in this corrupt and superficial age the great object is not to be found out."

"That shows you have very little experience with bill collectors," answered the impetuous friend. "My great object is not to be found in."—Washington Star.

Spinsters.

Unmarried women are called spinsters, or spinning women, because it was a maxim among our forefathers that a young woman should not marry until she had spun enough linen to furnish her house. All unmarried, old or young, were then called spinsters, a name still retained in all legal documents.

Trying It on the Building.

Marleigh—Your office seems badly nussed up. Have you no janitor?

Barkleigh—We have one, but since he became a faith curist he has been giving the office "absent treatment."—Baltimore American.

A story first heard at a mother's knee is seldom forgotten, and the same may be said of other things received at a mother's knee, which will readily recur to the reader.—Chicago News